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Through The Looking Glass

BIRTH AND DEATH

He sat beside his fire, and as it waned,
And grey ash gathered on each dying ember,
He seemed to lose what strength he had retained,
Till that last fatal evening of December.
And yet I knew he could not quit the earth
Ere the event that we anticipated,
Then death would tread upon the heels of birth,
For thus from countless ages it was fated.

Weakly he babbled of our late good cheer
And of his feats when life had pulsed more strongly.
He was par excellence the "flying year,"
Though others might have claimed the title strongly.
Oh! he had been a hustler in his day,
And played whatever part the Fates provided!
His great regret was that he could not stay
To see the final budget fight decided.

Toward the fatal hour the hands drew round
And silence fell until my pulses drumming
Beat on my brain with an insistent sound.
Hark! Surely those were footsteps swiftly coming!
Then nurse appeared, her face alight with joy
As one who takes the lion's share of credit.
"Oh! if you please sir, it's a little boy,
But the New Year was orphaned as she said it!"

TOUCHSTONE.

I WAS talking to a man the other day who had
a great deal to say to me around election
time in favor of a certain candidate.

That candidate was NOT Mr. William Short.
I suppose he has been left for future generations
since the result became known, for I was not
a little surprised to learn that he was a strong Short
man, always had been one, and that Mr. Short's re-
turn to the Mayoralty Chair was the best thing
that ever happened to this city.

I like them again, but this right-about-face all
in the twinkling of an eye, set me to wondering, until
I remembered a little sketch of Stephen Leacock's
which explained much to me, as I am sure it will
to Mr. Short and everybody else.

It occurs in Frol Leacock's "Sunshine Sketches
of a Little Town," and has to do with election even-
ing in the festive burg of Mariposa, and runs: "I
wish you could have witnessed the scene in Mariposa
that evening. It would have done your heart good—
such joy, such public rejoicing as you never saw.
It turned out that there really wasn't a Liberal
in the whole town, and that there never had
been. They were all Conservatives, and had been
for years and years. Men who had voted with pain
and sorrow in their hearts for the Liberal party for
twenty years, came out that evening and owned up
straight that they were Conservatives. They said
they could stand the strain no longer and simply
had to confess. What the sacred might mean they
were prepared to make it. Even Mr. Golgotha
Gingham, the undertaker, came out and admitted
that in working for John Henry Bagshaw, he'd been
going straight against his conscience. He said that
from the first he had had his misgivings. He said it
had haunted him. Often at night when he would
be working away quietly, one of these sudden mis-
givings would overcome him so that he could hardly
go on with his embalming. Why, it appeared that
on the very first day when reciprocity was pro-
posed, he had come home and said to Mrs. Gingham
that he thought it simply meant selling out the
country. And the strange thing was that even so
many others had just the same misgivings. The
lawyer admitted that he had said to Mrs. Trevelyan
that it was madness, and Jeff. Thorpe, the barber,
had, he admitted, gone home to his dinner, the first
day reciprocity was talked of, and said to Mrs.
Thorpe that it would simply kill business in the
country and introduce a new kind of hair-cut, a new
form of hair-cut that would render true loyalty im-
possible. To think that Mrs. Gingham, and Mrs.
Trevelyan and Mrs. Thorpe had known all this
for six months, and kept quiet about it!"

Yet I think there was a good many Mrs. Gingham's
in the country. It is merely another proof
that no woman is fit for politics.

THEIR demonstration that night in Mariposa will
never be forgotten. The excitement in the
streets, the torchlight, the music of the band
of the Knights of Pythias, and above all the speeches
and the patriotism.

"They had put up a big platform in front of the
hotel, and on it were Mr. Smith and his chief work-
ers, and behind them was a perfect forest of flags.
They presented a huge bouquet of flowers to Mr.
Smith handed to the by little white-
the same four that I spoke of above, for it turned
out that they were all Conservatives.

"Then there were the speeches. Judge Peppercall
spoke and said that there was no need to dwell on
the victory that they had achieved, because it was
history; there was no occasion to speak of what part
he himself had played, within the limits of his official
position, because what he had done was henceforth
a matter of history; and Nivens, the lawyer, said
that he would only say just a few words, because
anything that he might have done was now history;
later generations, he said, might read it but it was
not for him to speak of it. He then proceeded to
the history of the country. And, after them,
others spoke in the same strain and all refused ab-

solutely to dwell on the subject (for more than half
an hour) on the ground that anything they might
have said would be left for future generations to
investigate. And no doubt this was very true, as to
those things anyway.

"Mr. Smith, of course, said nothing. He didn't
have to, not for four years—and he knew it."

Mariposa is only another name for Edmonton
or Calgary or Ponoka. People and elections
and speeches are pretty much the same the
world over aren't they?
Frauds everywhere!
Same old lies!
Same old campaign tactics!
Heaps of Vicars of Bray now, as "in good King



"SWIFTTHOLM" JASPER PARKER, CANADIAN ROCKIES
The historic old house where Swift ground his wheel, diverting Canyon creek to the spot where
the water wheel is shown Swift was able to manufacture his own flour. He is seated on the mill, his two
boys on the wheel. This is the second of a series of photographs that will appear exclusively in the Mirror.

Charles' golden days, when loyalty no harm meant."

I'm only wondering if the A. and G. W. case goes
against the Province, as it seems to be pretty gener-
ally acknowledged to be going to do, how long it
will take some Liberals to make the right-about
Flip-Flip.

On Monday Mr. Short assumes his new—old
duties as Mayor of Edmonton.

He isn't a novice in the position, and the
city expects big things from him. Whatever he
does and however he does it, he may expect the us-
ual just, and unjust criticism, that falls on all those
who in smaller or greater degree, occupy the public
eye.

He starts out with the good will of the bulk of the
citizens of the Greater Edmonton. It will be largely
his own fault if he forfeits it.

Before me is a spick and span Engagement Calen-
dar for the year 1913.

It looks very fair and promising, and full of won-
derful possibilities as flips its unwritten leaves be-
hind my fingers. Such a calendar also adorns the
new Mayor's calendar.

A year hence what he writes on its pages day
by day will be history.

May he rise to his great privileges.

So ex-Alderman Macdonald and Mayoralty
Aspirant Joe Clarke are going to take their
troubles to the police court.

This is what I believe they term, the aftermath.
Mighty foolish of them, if you ask me. They win
and lose cases in court of law, but the public have
a rare way of deciding a man's guilt or innocence
in their own minds in such matters.

Take the finding of the sitting of the Royal Com-
mission—in again that old favorite—the A. and G. W. Case.

Everybody who attended the sittings of this com-
mission, knew that "the truth, the whole truth, and
nothing but the truth," never once put in an appear-
ance at that Court. There were wheels within
wheels too mixed to disentangle.

There were men too powerful to reach.

There were questions so involved in the issue, the
innocent and the guilty were so bunched in a heap,
that to extricate same and prove them guilty, meant
necessarily the drawing-in of others who were blameless,
that the fiancé disarranged, and ended by hand-
ling or antipathy plaintiff or defendant, not on
the evidence adduced.

The People go back to their knowledge of the men
concerned, to decide what they may decide, and I
Joe Clarke and Ald. Macdonald might better spare
themselves the expense of a trial.

The merits of a case have really very little to do
with it. As things go nowadays, men's personalities
count, and people base their judgments on their
liking or antipathy to plaintiff or defendant, not on
the evidence adduced.

On December 28th the Edmonton Journal gave
its employees a dinner. Covers were laid
for 88, and carriages and ambulances were
ordered for the same number.

I have never discovered just what "clat" means,

"boulé-salmon to be eaten with a fork."

The guests were in great form, though there were
members of the fair sex present, to nerve them
to their best efforts (whatever that is).

The male members of The Journal may be said,
to man, to believe in "A Number of Things," but
not in the suffrage for women.

Even "A. M." has never been able to convert her
own office associates to the belief that women should
be allowed to bite and claw whom they choose.

So they attacked turkey with never a Woman
Scout to render first aid to the injured, and even suc-
ceeded in reaching "Cafe Noir" without a Suffrag-
ette's firing a single demerit as so much as a
waiver.

Something like thirty Turks fell to their knives

SNAPS! BARGAINS!

A DAISY—10-foot lot on Jasper Ave., near 79th St.,
\$1,000,000. Terms—One-third down, balance
in 6, 10 and 11 days.

PIPPIN, THIS ONE—Quarter section in Yukon,
suitable for subdivision purposes \$100,000.

YOUR FORTUNE MADE—Town lots in Ponoka,
one block from asylum, only 400 feet! \$547.50.

GO AFTER THIS—Inside lots in Constantine, 80
x 60 to 110.

Let us have your listings if nobody else will
touch them with a forty-foot pole. We can bunco
somebody into taking them.

"LEAVE IT TO US"—That's our slogan.

PARADIS, BRYANT & SHAVE,
Realty Sharks
Journal Building - Second Floor.

The following "wants" too, are of interest—

SITUATIONS WANTED—MALE
WANTED—POSITION AS OFFICE BOY where
there is nothing to do. Write at once or call
Willur Orme, The Journal. 6707-287.

HELP WANTED—FEMALE
WANTED—SOMEbody TO LOVE ME. Charlie
Manning, care Journal. 2761-468.

BUSINESS CHANCES
AI PROPOSITION FOR A RIGHT MAN—I
want a partner with \$1,000,000 cash to finance
a sound real estate proposition. No triflers. H.
Paradis. 2781-41.

WANTED—MISCELLANEOUS
WANTED—A HOUSE, PRICE \$500.00
on-hand lot in excellent condition. Apply at Journal office, A.
of at least ten years. Apply at Journal office, A.
Yockney. 6707-287.

I WILL EXCHANGE FIVE CENTS FOR A
glass of beer any time I can find a place that sells
it for that price. And I'll buy, too. Harry Lam-
bert, Box 25, Journal.

With such fun they crammed their little "Extra,"
and then made merry around a great big Christmas
tree. For one night they forgot subscribers' com-
plaints, and the devils that beset the path of the
men whose tools are a quill, a paste-pot, and a sheaf of
remembering that "All is not humor, some toil,"
about the printing of any paper, Morning, Evening,
or Weekly.

"Lights out," but "Bob Jennings" or Jennings or
whatever he likes to style himself, retired, for one
night at least, with the verdict of the Jolliest Good
Fellow in Edmonton on the under name of—

Some truth in the report too. Certainly "a pleas-
ant time was had."

I AM in receipt of a letter from Mr. A. C.
Fraser, stating that the Royal Alexandra
Hospital court the fullest investigation into
the circumstances, so far as they are concerned, sur-
rounding the death of the unfortunate girl who died
as a result of burns or shock early last month.

Mr. Fraser, who has always had the deepest in-
terest in the Hospital's prestige and welfare, feels
that the papers have misrepresented the Hospital's
connection with the tragic incident, but I think and
I was very careful myself with the facts
in so far as I could learn them, that what I said with
regard to institutions and red tape last week, is fully
justified by a great many specific instances I could
relate.

I have had my pen in hand on several occasions
to protest against certain conditions I knew to exist.
(I am not speaking with any particular reference to
Hospitals) but knowing a thing, and being able to
prove it, are horses of two very different colors.

Some day I hope to catch someone with the goods
on them.

When I do, then I can assure you no questions
of policy will stay my hand.

I don't care a rap for any institution or charity in
the City of Edmonton. I don't exist on their favor,
and, as they are, or should be, servants of the public,
so long as I run a paper of comment, so am I
have a duty to perform to that public. To make
facts known.

I intend to be faithful to my trust.

OUR pages again, but blame New Years' this
time. The disorganization of work attend-
ant on the holiday season, strikes the news-
paper situation, as it does all lines of business.

Merchants haven't their ads ready. No one has
given any attention to public questions.

This week I am pulling myself together, to make
up for any lack in the work of the past issue or so.

May I make an appeal to those of you who have any
connection with the Saturday Mirror, whether as
advertisers or only as responsible for the smallest
notices, to get your copy in early in the week.

In this way only can we give you what you want.
This paper, remember, goes to press on Thursday
morning.

But then came a shriek that smote my cheek
With a wicked brutal bang.
I took a peak—List, while I speak—
'Twas the umpty-umpty-umpty.

But then came a shriek that smote my cheek
With a wicked brutal bang.
I took a peak—List, while I speak—
'Twas simply the yangety-yangety.

and its leader on "Be a Soft Un" was in his Wo-
man's Page's very best vein. A social item, viz:

"Oh, the sun was bright on a midnight night,
And the stars in the sky sang sweet,
When off to the right there appeared a light
And it travelled with speeding feet.

"Oh," said I, as I heaved a sigh,
And my heart went bumpity-bump,
I can't read I thought, though I
'Twas the umpty-umpty-umpty.

But then came a shriek that smote my cheek
With a wicked brutal bang.
I took a peak—List, while I speak—
'Twas simply the yangety-yangety.

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